

## **'Til my Heart Stops by Luddleston**

**Category:** Mass Effect

**Genre:** Awkward Flirting, First Time, Fluff and Smut, Frottage, Kaidan has a little bit of a tattoo kink, M/M, Oral Sex, PWP, Semi-Public Sex, sports AU

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Female Shepard (Mass Effect), James Vega, Kaidan Alenko

**Relationships:** Kaidan Alenko/James Vega

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2016-05-30

**Updated:** 2016-05-30

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:30:56

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,852

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Kaidan is a runner. James hates running. But, James's wrestling coach told him to get more cardio, so James is now stuck with a running buddy and, worse, a huge crush on said running buddy.

Good thing Kaidan's up for desperate, sweaty sex in the locker room.

## 'Til my Heart Stops

### Author's Note:

idk, I've been running a lot recently so here you go? I'm sexualizing my own life experiences now, isn't that thrilling.

James thought he was going to hate running.

He'd never liked running, and so he had been undeniably pissed at his wrestling coach when she told him he needed to get in more cardio. She even set him up with a trainer, so that way, he couldn't skip out on his run.

And, honestly, it wasn't terrible, for one reason.

His trainer, Kaidan, was a fucking *babe*. There was no other word for it, nothing else that James could think to use to describe this guy. His body was so perfect that James, who hung out with professional bodybuilders on the reg, was impressed, and not just because he thought Kaidan was hot. He was more compact than a lot of runners, kind of short with wide shoulders and solid muscle. He didn't look *breakable* like some runners did, instead, he seemed like he could probably hold his own against plenty of James's wrestling opponents.

And that ass. James could run behind him for hours.

Of course, having a crush on his trainer/running buddy was absolute bullshit, because it wasn't like he could have a chat while they both had their headphones in and James was trailing behind him like he did on every run. And it wasn't just because he liked to watch Kaidan run—he genuinely sucked at keeping up.

Somehow, “hi, I’m the terrible runner your friend Shepard saddled you with and I’ve been staring at your ass for the past few weeks, wanna go out sometime?” didn’t sound like a great line to him.

“How’s cardio going?” Shepard asked him after wrestling practice one day. “Kaidan whipping you into shape?” She had a towel over her shoulders, freshly-showered, and even though she was a tiny lady, she was still intimidating even when she was relaxed, and James knew for a fact that she could kick his ass any day of the week.

“Oh, it’s alright,” James said. “He’s cool.”

“Yeah,” Shepard said, “he’s said you’re doing well. He likes you.”

That made James ridiculously happy, and it must have been showing on his face, because Shepard rolled her eyes at him.

“He also said he thought you had a little bit of a crush on him.”

“He *what*?”

“Yeah,” Shepard said. “Told me not to mention anything, too. I’m kind of shit at that, though.”

“I’ve noticed.”

She tossed the towel in her gym bag and then slung it over her shoulder. “I don’t know whether or not he feels the same,” she said, “but if you asked him out, I’m pretty sure he’d say yes.”

“That’s so unhelpful,” James sighed, checking his phone. He had a reminder that he was supposed to run with Kaidan that afternoon.

“You know I’m not good at the romance thing,” Shepard said with a shrug.

“Yeah, you and me both,” James said. He’d never been a relationships kind of guy—his love life was a string of one-night stands and he was pretty sure at this point, his very monogamous, recently-engaged roommate was either judging him or worried about him.

“Well, your cardio schedule seems solid enough now that if shit goes down with Kaidan, you could just stop running with him. So just ask him out.”

“I can’t believe I’m taking dating advice from you.”

“I can’t either,” Shepard laughed, clapping him on the shoulder. “Do with my advice what you will, Jimmy, but you better let me know either way.”

“Of course,” he said, grinning as they walked out of the gym.

James ended up doing homework mostly as a source of distraction, to keep his mind off his run with Kaidan later. He was never good at the academic side of things, not like Cortez was, but he got by. Especially when he was engrossing himself in his World Lit homework to distract himself from thinking about Kaidan’s gorgeous back muscles, or the line of his jaw. Cortez noticed, because of course he noticed, when James was bouncing his knee under his desk and tapping his pen against the edge of his book.

“What’s eating you?” Cortez asked.

“Oh, you know, the usual. Sexy running buddy,” James said.

Cortez dropped the issue, and asked him about his Lit homework instead. This was what James liked about Esteban—he wasn’t one of those guys who assumed because he was happily in a relationship, everyone else in his life had to be. Or, maybe he did assume that, but he knew James was way too hopeless for it. Either way, he didn’t mention Kaidan again until four P.M., when he knew James was due to go running.

“Don’t you have a sexy running buddy to get to?” he asked.

“Fuck off,” James said, and grabbed his running shoes on the way out the door.

Kaidan was at the track before him, as usual, going through his warm-up stretches already. James approached him while he was in the middle of one that had his back muscles tensed *wonderfully*, and it didn’t help that he was wearing that skin-tight tank top, the one with the curved-in racerback design that made his shoulder-blades stick out. He had his elbow crooked, his fingers curled loosely around his first few vertebrae, his other hand

gently pushing his elbow down and centered. He reversed the movement after a few seconds, and, without turning, said, “hey, James.”

“Dude, remind me not to try to sneak up on you,” James said, shrugging out of his jacket and leaving it and his water bottle on the little bench off to the side of the track.

“I was only assuming,” Kaidan said, turning to face him and moving into another stretch, bringing his arm across his chest, his other wrist blocking what would have otherwise been a mouth-droppingly perfect view of his bicep. “If it hadn’t been you, that would’ve been pretty embarrassing.”

“You got lucky, then,” James said, stretching out his arms while Kaidan dropped almost gracefully to a seated positing, spreading his legs open to stretch toward one of his feet, flattening himself almost completely to the track. James hadn’t exactly needed to go through his life knowing how incredibly flexible Kaidan was, on top of everything, but hey, why not torture himself with that information.

He repeated Kaidan’s stretches and all of them were significantly less perfect than they were when Kaidan did them.

“How was wrestling practice?” Kaidan asked. He must have been talking to Shepard, or he was really weird, and he had James’s wrestling schedule memorized.

He was probably talking to Shepard.

“It was fine. Got my ass kicked by a 5’3” woman, as usual, so, uh. I don’t know what all that counts for,” James said.

“I’m actually kind of surprised Shepard’s that tall,” Kaidan said, like that was the only thing he was surprised by, and the fact that James regularly took hell from Shepard was completely reasonable.

“She said my cardio training was doing me good.” James avoided the whole part where she said he should ask Kaidan out, moving into a stretch where

he couldn't see Kaidan's face. "Said that I didn't really have to keep training with you, if I didn't want to."

"And do you want to?"

James almost lacked enough self-control to break out of his stretch just to turn around and see if Kaidan's face looked as upset as his voice sounded. Instead, he kept it cool, bending over his other leg. "Uh, yeah. Definitely."

He heard Kaidan let out a breath. It didn't really sound like a sigh of relief, but James kind of wished it did. "Cool. You ready to go?"

"Yeah."

The run was normal, except for the added nerves that came with knowing Shepard thought Kaidan had a thing for him. Or at least, Shepard thought it wouldn't be too much of an issue if Kaidan turned him down. That was just about the same thing, in Shepard-speak.

Nerves got his ass moving, though, and he made better time than he had for the past few weeks. Kaidan was grinning at him when they slowed to a stop. "Nice going," he said, clapping James on the shoulder. James was sweaty and disgusting, but he smiled back.

"Thanks, man."

*Just ask him out for coffee*, James told himself. He watched Kaidan cool down, watched his throat bob when he took a drink of water. He wasn't close enough to see the sweat roll down Kaidan's neck and chest, but he sure as hell could imagine it. *Just ask him out for coffee*.

He didn't ask Kaidan out for coffee.

He did, however, schedule another time to run together two days later, once he got over how cute Kaidan's messy, post-run hair was and actually remembered how to string two words together without it sounding *too* stupid. Kaidan smiled at him when he left, and James took a minute after he got in his car, leaned his head against the steering wheel, mumbled a string

of untranslatable expletives directed mostly at himself and at how much of an idiot he was being.

James still wore his tightest under armor T-shirt to their run two days later.

It was pouring on Friday, so James and Kaidan were on the indoor track, dodging a few freshman girls power-walking the track side-by-side. They were going for distance this time, which meant James was staring at Kaidan's ass for a full hour, including warm-ups. He was dying by the end of it, and he tried not to breathe too hard while he followed Kaidan off of the track so he didn't betray just how much more exhausted he was than Kaidan.

Normally, when they ran on the indoor track, they made their way into the locker room afterward to shower off, and James stayed as far away from Kaidan as he possibly could without making it seem weird, so he didn't have to watch Kaidan's naked body. After all, it'd be really damn obvious if he got a hard-on while he was wearing his gym shorts, or, even worse, a towel.

But today, Kaidan stopped him with a, "hey, can I talk with you for a second?" James was panting hard, his water bottle in his hand nearly slipping because he was sweaty as fuck.

"Uh. Yeah," he said stupidly, following Kaidan off the track and toward the locker room.

"It's just, what you said the other day about Shepard telling you we could quit this whole thing if you wanted to, it made me realize I really like hanging out with you," Kaidan said, and he was stripping off his T-shirt and dear *god*, his abs were tight. James had this weird urge to lick them—wait, what was Kaidan saying?

"I'm... um, I mean, I like hanging out with you too," James said.

Kaidan took a step toward James and they were close enough that James could probably have touched him. "And I think, maybe, we should hang out sometime," he said.

Act casual. James took a drink from his water bottle and then set it down. “Yeah, that’d be cool.”

"My place, maybe?"

Holy shit, did he know how he sounded? James was guessing no. “Uh, sure, I’d be up for that. Maybe we could watch a movie, or something?”

“Or we could do something else,” Kaidan suggested, and James was officially lost. Had his brain been over-deprived of oxygen or something?

“I guess so? What would you want to—“

“Oh my god, do I have to spell this out for you,” Kaidan growled, stepping forward, inches from James, and grabbed him by the back of the neck. Kaidan kissed him—hard, full of leftover energy from the run. Kaidan was *kissing him*. Holy fuck.

James grabbed Kaidan’s waist, fingers slipping on his sweat-slick hips, and sucked Kaidan’s lower lip into his mouth. The wet, smacking sound of their kiss breaking echoed all over the locker room, and there was a pair of dimples at the corners of Kaidan’s cheeks when he grinned at James, and James pressed the tip of his thumb to one of them. “What the hell are we doing?” he asked, sounding a little ecstatic. So what. He couldn’t help it.

“We’re doing *something*,” Kaidan said, “because I want you bad.”

“Seriously?”

“Oh yeah.” Kaidan wrapped an arm around James’s back, pulled him close until the only thing between James’s chest and Kaidan’s was the thin fabric of his shirt. Kaidan’s lips were on his again, his hand still firm on the back of James’s neck, fingers rubbing at his hairline. “God, that’s so good,” Kaidan moaned, teeth digging into James’s lip. “James.”

James traced his hand up and down Kaidan’s back, finally fitting his fingers to the grooves of those muscles he always thought would feel incredible. He was so damn right. James was halfway hard already, and from the way



Kaidan was grinding on him, he was pretty sure it was the same story in Kaidan's pants. He grabbed Kaidan's ass and squeezed and *oh yeah*, this was exactly as good as he'd been imagining. Not that he'd been imagining.

Okay, he'd been imagining a little bit.

"God, Kaidan, I'm like two seconds from picking you up and pounding you into the lockers, *fuck*." James nipped at Kaidan's jaw, and Kaidan's respondent laugh came from low in his chest.

"You actually think you can?"

James pulled back to look at him, and he had an eyebrow raised like it was a challenge. "Hell yeah," he said, sizing Kaidan up with more than his eyes, hands feeling out the slim, compact shapes of his torso and his shoulders. Kaidan was about the same height as James, sure, but he was thinner, more evenly built.

He *did* actually try to lift Kaidan, and Kaidan was pretty helpful about it, too, but this was a "key word being *try*" kind of situation, and James would've dropped him almost immediately had Kaidan not re-balanced himself without much effort. "Damn, you're heavier than I thought you'd be," he said, before realizing how shitty that sounded and making an attempt at backtracking, "I mean—not that you're—fuck."

"It's okay," Kaidan said, and he looked like he was trying really hard not to laugh. "I know. I'm pretty compact."

"I probably *could* lift you if I hadn't just been running for hours on end."

"Uh-huh, sure," Kaidan said, his hands curling to hold onto the hem of James's shirt.

"I'm serious! I can deadlift Shepard, and—" he paused, and Kaidan pushed his shirt up a few inches, "—I realize that's not much of an accomplishment, given that she weighs like, ninety pounds."

"James. I'm trying to take your clothes off, here."

“Oh. Damn. You'd think I'd have noticed that.”

“You'd think,” Kaidan said, grinning at him some more as he tugged James's shirt off over his head. James tossed the shirt onto a nearby bench, let Kaidan run his palm over the shape of the tattoo on his shoulder. Then he followed the lines of the tattoos on James's chest with his thumbs and James had always thought his chest tattoos were a little bit erotic, but damn if he wasn't thankful he decided on them now. “Didn't know you had these,” Kaidan said, thumbs curving back down, following the thinnest lines of the tattoos.

“Yeah, uh. I don't really—*damn, Kaidan*—advertise them.”

Kaidan wrapped his arm around around James's waist in an almost possessive gesture, then bent his head to kiss the tattoo on his right pec, open-mouthed, his tongue following the path his fingers had just taken. James must have made a freakishly horny sound, because Kaidan looked up at him, those dark eyes focused on his. God, he was pretty. His eyelashes were long and thick like he had built-in mascara or something. And his *lips*. Fuller than most guys', soft, and warm, and fuck, James could kiss him if he wanted to. Kaidan traced his tattoos once more. “You like that, don't you?” Kaidan said, his voice low and rougher than usual and sexy, like he'd fuck James right then and there if he asked.

“God, yeah,” James said. He was torn between begging Kaidan to do it over and over again, and kissing him. He went with kissing him, one hand on the back of Kaidan's neck and the other on his ass.

Right about when Kaidan started rolling his hips and pushing his dick against James's, it occurred to James that they were *still right in the middle of the fucking locker room*, and he wondered how long was it gonna be before someone came wandering right in, only to get an eyeful of two shirtless guys tongue-fucking and basically dry-humping right in front of the gym showers.

“Kaidan,” James said, leaning back, and Kaidan looked a little out of it but also like he wanted to do nothing more than lay him back on the locker

room bench and tease him 'til he was coming in his gym shorts. "Kaidan, someone's going to walk in on us."

Kaidan leaned back, looked like he was thinking for a few seconds, and he bit his lip while he did it. James subconsciously rubbed the firm bulge of his cock against this spot on Kaidan's hip, right between the wing of his hipbone and the muscle of his thigh. "Damn it," he muttered, "do you want to stop?"

"Hell no," James said, because what part of being hard as a rock and literally rubbing himself off on a guy meant he wanted to *stop*? "I just—how much of an exhibitionist are you?"

"Honestly, I was just banking on the fact that there wouldn't be a lot of people in the gym on a rainy Friday afternoon," Kaidan said.

James kissed the point of Kaidan's jaw, felt his chest move as he sighed. "C'mon," he said, dragging Kaidan toward the showers. At least then, there was a curtain blocking them from view of any unsuspecting gym-goers.

Gym showers weren't exactly the sexiest place to get it on, but hell if James cared, he had Kaidan fucking Alenko sucking on his neck. They were both hard; their running shorts did nothing to hide that, either, and James worked a hand in between them to feel along the planes of Kaidan's abs and feel up his dick through his shorts. Kaidan's hands tightened on James's biceps when James touched him, and made these little huffing sounds against his neck. James could've bet his face was doing that thing where his eyebrows drew up in the middle and got that little line between them—it normally meant he was concentrating, but James was starting to realize it could also mean he was really turned on.

James fit his thigh between Kaidan's legs and grabbed his ass, hauling him forward until they were pressed together completely. Kaidan eagerly moved with him, fucking himself against James's thigh and kissing his chin and the corner of his lips. James didn't let go of his ass, running his thumb along the crease and squeezing a little, his other hand running along Kaidan's ribs.

“Fuck,” Kaidan moaned, scraping his teeth along the side of James’s jaw, “fuck, James, I wanna suck you off.”

”*Jesus.*”

“I’m serious,” Kaidan said, pausing and cupping James’s dick through his shorts, feeling him up like he was trying to figure out how big he was so he could—*fuck*.

“Hell yes. Just. What do you want me to—“

“Lean against the wall,” Kaidan said, gesturing “and warn me before you come, would you?” He punctuated it with a squeeze to James’s ass.

“Yeah, yeah,” James obeyed Kaidan’s directions and leaned back against the tile wall, his chest expanding and collapsing faster even than when he was running hard. Kaidan knelt down in front of him, hands on the back of James’s calves for a moment before sliding up his thighs, pushing up the fabric of his shorts with the motion. He looked really damn good down there, especially when he leaned forward and pushed his nose and then his chin against James’s cock.

Kaidan curled his hands in the waistband of James’s shorts, and James could feel his knuckles run over his hips as he tugged them and his boxers down, just low enough to pull his cock out. The way he stroked his hand over him, letting his fingers uncurl just enough to leave space for his tongue to run over James’s cock, was like something right out of a wet dream. Kaidan flattened his tongue over the head of his cock, sucking gently on the tip, his tongue sneaking out to roll over the ridge under the head. Kaidan took a few more long moments to tease him, reaching behind to grope his ass while he left sloppy, sucking kisses up and down his dick. The showers made the sound echo all around them, and James was pretty damn sure if anyone got anywhere near the showers, they’d be able to tell there was a sloppy blowjob going on.

If it hadn’t been obvious before, it certainly was once James moaned out loud, but he couldn’t help it; Kaidan was tonguing the scar an inch below the head of his cock. Kaidan leaned back, tongue still sticking out a little,

lewdly. “At least try to keep quiet,” he said, and his voice was deeper and raspier than usual. James didn’t even *know* Kaidan’s voice could go deeper.

“Yeah, I’ll, um. Yeah,” James sighed, and when Kaidan went down on him, sucking gently and steadily around him, he had to shove his hand over his mouth. Kaidan was holding him tight, his thumbs on the wings of James’s hips, fingers almost reaching his ass, and it kept James from fucking his mouth, let James know that Kaidan wasn’t into that, so he kept himself still except for the hand he had trailing over his chest, teasing his nipples. His other hand was still tight over his mouth, all of him held in tension except for his wandering hand and his too-fast breathing.

It took a few minutes for Kaidan to swallow him down all the way, and James felt Kaidan’s throat open around his cock. “Fuck!” he hissed, muffled by his hand. It only got more intense when Kaidan swallowed, his throat tightening, his thick eyelashes fluttering, his fingers tightening (fuck, he was gonna have bruises on his ass, wasn’t he).

He completely forgot to warn Kaidan when he came, but he was pretty sure Kaidan noticed he was about to from the way he moaned around his hand, dropping his opposite hand to wind his fingers in Kaidan’s hair. Kaidan pulled off just a little and James came in his mouth, a little trail of white down Kaidan’s chin as he leaned back. James sank back against the wall, his legs shaking a little, one of his arms hanging, muscles loose, his other hand resting on his chest like he was about to swoon or something.

Kaidan had a little frown on his face, his eyebrows pulling together, his hand over his mouth. He stood, took a few steps to the shower drain, and spit, then cranked the shower on. “Sorry,” James breathed, and Kaidan shook his head, then turned around.

“It’s fine,” Kaidan said, “I just don’t like to swallow.”

“I don’t blame you,” James said, “you know, I was watching CSI once, and they did this autopsy and found semen in this girl’s digestive tract, so yo, I wouldn’t swallow that shit either, I mean. What a way to go down, right?” He was babbling. He knew he was, yammering away like he was a stuttering teenager.

“God, I really don’t want to think about that,” Kaidan admitted, one hand palming his dick through his shorts. James pulled his own shorts back up and walked across the little room to kiss Kaidan thoroughly, one hand around his waist, like an epically romantic kiss in a cheesy movie. He could feel Kaidan hard against his hip, glad that he hadn’t been too turned off by James’s series of missteps.

“You want some help with this?” James asked, as Kaidan thrust against him, his dick riding against James’s hipbone.

“Of course I do,” Kaidan said. James slid his hands into Kaidan’s shorts to squeeze his ass, lost for a few seconds in the feeling. God, he had the best ass James had ever laid his hands on.

“What do you want me to do to you?” James asked.

Kaidan grabbed James’s head, and probably fucked up his hair, but James didn’t care because Kaidan was hauling him in for a hot kiss. “Touch me, oh my god, *please*, James.”

James got a hand in Kaidan’s pants and kissed him, curling his fingers around Kaidan’s cock—*goddamn*, he was bigger than James would’ve guessed—and stroking him firmly, not fast, but not too slow. They were past teasing; Kaidan was hard enough that his cock was leaking pre-come, dampening the inside of his boxer-briefs. Kaidan moaned into the kiss, continued to make little helpless noises after James broke it to plant more kisses on Kaidan’s jaw and neck. He wasn’t sure if he could leave marks, if Kaidan would be annoyed by that, so he kept his kisses light but now less messy, pushing Kaidan’s shorts out of the way so he had more room for his hands. He slid the fingers of his other hand in between Kaidan’s ass-cheeks, stroking his middle finger over Kaidan’s asshole, just barely.

“Fuck, that’s so good, James, god, I’m fucking *close*, I didn’t think I’d—*oh!*—I’d be *there* already, shit!”

James couldn’t say anything back so he just kissed Kaidan hard, pressing his thumb to the head of Kaidan’s cock on the upstroke. James felt a sudden rush of warmth over his hand as he felt Kaidan come, and it matched the

heat of the little gasping breaths Kaidan panted into their almost-kiss. Kaidan smiled as he kissed him again, firm and quick, and for a second, James didn't care that he was standing in a locker room shower, or that his hand was covered in jizz, or that he'd completely made an ass of himself at least twice, because Kaidan was *happy*.

Kaidan sank back in James's arms, landing slow pecks on his cheeks, chin, and the corners of his mouth. James would've kissed him back, had he not been grinning uncontrollably, and instead, he just leaned into Kaidan's affections and smoothed his clean palm heavily over Kaidan's ribcage and the firm muscles of his back.

They separated grudgingly, and James cranked the shower on to rinse off his hand, watching the color in Kaidan's cheeks even out and his breathing slow, so he didn't have to watch the trail of white curling down the drain. He averted his eyes when Kaidan tucked his dick back in his shorts and adjusted himself, and he poked his head out the curtained door to the shower section of the locker room to make sure the coast was clear.

"We're good," he said, and they found their discarded shirts and pulled them back on.

Cleaning up had been awkward, but especially worth it when James felt Kaidan's arms around him after, Kaidan's lips warm and soft on the back of his neck.

"I want to do this again, James," Kaidan said. His statement was definitive, dead-serious, and it made a shudder course through James, all the way to his toes.

"Same here," James said, and turned in Kaidan's arms to kiss him, soft and deep, his tongue following the thick curve of Kaidan's lower lip. His hands skirted down Kaidan's lower back to cup his ass, and Kaidan laid both his palms on James's chest, flat over the place where James's tattoos were hidden under his shirt. They pulled away, and James couldn't help but ask, "But could I, like. Maybe. Take you on a date first?"

Kaidan chuckled, nosing at James's cheek. James noticed the dimples at the corners of his mouth for the first time. "Yes," he said, "I'd like that."

"Cool," James said, grinning widely. He would've moved in to kiss Kaidan again, even though his lips already felt chapped, except that the entire damn intramural basketball team walked through the locker room doors, chattering loudly about the frat party that weekend, and Kaidan and James separated, trying not to make it obvious that they'd just been banging it out in the showers. James went for his gym bag, changing the shirt that he'd just put on for one that he hadn't been running in recently. Kaidan didn't change, but James didn't begrudge him for being all sweaty, especially since he'd had a hand in it.

They walked out of the gym side by side in complete silence, and normally, James would walk from the gym to his dorm while Kaidan got in his car to head home, but this time, they paused, glancing at each other.

"Still want to come home with me?" Kaidan asked.

James smiled. "Sounds good, man."

**Author's Note:**

Creep on me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula if you want to continue hearing me holler about this ship.